THE "SALOME" OF STRAUSS.

PRODUCTION OF A HIGHLY SENSATIONAL OPERA.

John the Baptist Slain to Discordant Music —Herod Antipas Finely Limned—Strauss Finds His True Field in the Theatre —His Work Wonderful in Delineation.

"Salome," a music drama in one act by Richard Strauss, was performed at the Metropolitan Opera House last night as a pendant to a bargain counter concert in which all the leading singers not concerned in the drama sang. Although this was officially the first public presentation of the work, it was performed on Sunday morning in the presence of an audience of about 1,500 invited guests. It was evident that last night's audience was curious to know what sort of creation it was that had so mightily moved Europe, and it was also manifest that many who had read descriptions of the drama or the text of Oscar Wilde were somewhat doubtful as to whether they would be able to sit through the scene in which the heroine slobbers in perverted passion over a reeking head just chopped from the body.

Setting aside for the moment the question whether the causation of nausea should be regarded as a laudable purpose for dramatic and musical art, it may be conceded that "Salome" is a creation of striking originality, of tremendous dramatic power, of irresistible musical expressiveness and of marvellous technical construction. It demonstrates conclusively that in so far as technic and mastership in the treatment of operatic materials go Strauss is entitled to a place among the leaders and that his true field is not the concert hall but the theatre.

Every problem that has been raised in the critical consideration of Strauss's music was answered in the first half hour of "Salome." The man has been groping in the darkness of elaborate programme music for effects which belong to the pictorial drama. Listening laboriously to "Also sprach Zarathustra" and "Ein Heldenleben, with the aid of long and detailed programme notes, concertgoers have arrived by the exercise of great imagination at some faint conception of what this composer is trying to paint in tones. In "Salome," with the picture, the action and the text making a living programme note, the art of Strauss suddenly stands forth in all its marvellous wealth of tone painting, a triumph of realism in music.

The writing for the voices contains not a single point of vocal display. For the singer, using that term in its strict sense as it is used in reference to the voice parts of Mozart, Gluck or Wagner, there is extremely little. The text is treated conversationally throughout, and the declamation goes further away from anything which we have hitherto recognized as singing than even the wildest passages in this same composer's songs. In some speeches it produces the illusion of spoken text. One has to listen keenly to perceive that the tones are sung. Yet these passages are among the most wonderfully expressive in the drama.

The orchestral portion is one continuous piece of symphonic tone painting. Leading themes are employed as they are in the Wagner drama. But the writing for the orchestra is planned on a larger and more complicated scale. Gluck, for instance, aimed at a grand simplicity. Strauss aims at the effects of an imposing complexity. He is the Turner of tone painters. He uses the most bizarre palette, and sometimes things are out of drawing; but he fills his canvas with weird, distorted atmosphere, with vast expanses of contrasting color and figure and with an infinite number of details which only gradually shape themselves into a concrete whole. No one can hear half of them at a first performance.

Thousands will say that this music is ultra-Wagnerian. The truth is that Strauss begins where Wagner left off. Wagner is his point of departure. The pure, unadulterated major scale he rarely uses. A pefect fundamental chord is seldom fitted to his scheme. He clashes one chord against another. He writes not merely dissonances, but double dissonances, one on top of the other. People sing in A flat while the orchestra plays in A minor. That is a mere trifle. The orchestra itself works out in double counterpoint two melodies in different keys and both harmonized in outre style. This is not what we used to call music. It is a new tonal language. In the concert hall it is like the confusion of Babel. In the theatre it suddenly transforms itself into the most potent and overwhelming expression of all anguish, all fury, all fiendish and damnable passions, all the hell of seething, vitiated souls.

Whether this sort of music would with equal power express high thoughts and beautiful emotions we may only guess. Mr. Strauss has no such matters to discuss in "Salome." The personages whose feelings are to be exposed in this drama are hideous degenerates. Two principal characters occupy the stage, *Herod* and *Salome*, *Herodias* is subsidiary, but she too is a degenerate. *Jokanaan*, as John the Baptist is called, is not a human force at all, but merely an abstraction, the personification of an icy moral idea. He is the irresistible and emotionless wall against which the horrible appetites of *Salome*, started into life by the mere sight of him, hurl her to destruction. *Narraboth*, the young Syrian, is the only normal personage, and he slays himself in despair in the very beginning of things.

The drama concerns itself with the shocking emotions of *Salome* and the shattered, perverted and decaying personality of *Herod*. It is a study in rottenness. Ibsen in his most merciless exposures of decadent humanity never created a more amazing character study than this *Herod*. Strauss's music has done wonders for the Wilde original. The recitative style is the very speech of the man. The orchestral illustrations of his blasted and putrid soul are marvellous in their scarifying truthfulness. When he is haunted by fancies of great winds, of alternate heat and cold, the orchestra paints in tone pictures of wonderful fidelity. A nerve shattered, dream haunted wreck, vainly seeking forgetfulness in drink, is the master creation of Mr. Strauss, realist.

On the other hand the orchestra sweats and stews and quivers madly with the abandon of *Salome's* physical passion for the prophet. Mere words and cold type cannot convey to the reader any realization of the manner in which this man Strauss rips the covering off a soul beside which that of Swinburne's Faustine is as a lily beside a poppy. In his musical delineation of *Herod* and *Salome* the composer has made music publish the monstrosities of minds and bodies diseased, and he has done it with a power little short of diabolical. As an expression of the horrible fancies of Oscar Wilde this score is a masterpiece. As a demonstration of the suitability of ultra modern composition to the purposes of the music drama it is complete and convincing.

The most considerable problem presented by this drama—and there are several—is whether the picture of *Salome* coddling and kissing a severed head is not an outrage on the possibilities of the theatre and whether the musical investiture of the scene, with its return of the lascivious love themes of the duet between *Salome* and *Jokanaan*, is quite sincere. The public alone can decide whether the spectacle of the sensual creature grovelling and puling over the ghastly head is one to be tolerated. No commentator who believes in the ennobling and uplifting mission of art can approve of such a disgusting scene. But the return of the love music is perfectly logical. *Salome* recalls his averted looks, his rocky coldness. If he had looked upon her he had loved her. That is the meaning of the love music. Moreover it affords a melodic climax, without which not even Strauss has yet ventured to compose a work.

There are some striking minor portions in this score, none more so than the treatment of the disputing Jews. This is a masterpiece of humor, in which the hand of the composer of "Til Eulenspiegel" is at work. The orchestral writing at the point where *Salome* listens at the cistern while the executioner is slaying *Jokanaan* is another stupendous piece of tone painting. Nothing in all music creates a greater atmosphere of horror and suspense. The orchestral postlude following the duet in which *Jokanaan* repulses *Salome* is a grewsome exposition of her spent and futile passion. There are phrases which are positively indecent in the frank eloquence of their meaning.

The dance of *Salome* before *Herod* introduces some of the love music in order that the dancer may do some delineative posing over the mouth of the cistern. But there is room for doubt as to whether even Oscar Wilde contemplated such a dance as that seen last evening. He directs that *Salome* shall dance the dance of the seven veils, which requires her to strip off seven successive coverings of her body.

The dance of last night was a more than colorable imitation of the danse du ventre which stirred up such a commotion when it was witnessed at the World's Fair. As *Herod* had already promised to give *Salome* anything she would ask it hardly seemed necessary to treat him to such a spectacle of impropriety. Miss Froelich, the dancer who for this episode represented *Salome*, spared the audience nothing in the matter of active and suggestive detail.

The stage pictures were admirably arranged. The entrance of *Herod* was not dramatic. The movement of the personages of the court, the action of the minor characters such as the Jews and all similar matters of detail had been carefully prepared. The playing of the orchestra was superb, and Mr. Hertz's conducting was a triumph of musicianship, artistry and enthusiasm.

Of the impersonations of the leading characters little can be said at this time. They are entitled to further study. The record of the moment is that Miss Fremstad's *Salome* places her in the front rank of great dramatic singers, and Mr. Burrian's *Herod* must be accorded a place beside Van Dyck's *Loge* as one of the most subtle, consistent, intellectual and complete character studies ever seen on the operatic stage.

In his anxiety to depict the aloofness of *Jokanaan* Mr. Van Rooy was perhaps a trifle too strained in style, but he was not out of the picture. Miss Weed's *Herodias* was excellent, and Mr. Dippel lent his ripe experience and intelligence to the minor rôle of *Narraboth*. Mr. Reiss was most admirable as the first Jew, and his associates were competent. Messrs. Mühlmann, Blass, Journet and Steiner filled small parts which required skill and thus aided the general effect of the performance. Nothing but the warmest praise can be bestowed on this production. It was one of the very best in the history of the Metropolitan Opera House.

CONRIED GOT $22,000.

Top Record for Such Benefits—The Concert Programme.

In the concert that preceded the performance of "Salome" the rule that there should be no encores was rigidly adhered to. Mme. Rappold and a chorus from the opera school sang the music of *Sulamith's* entrance from "Die Koenigin von Saba" and were followed by Mmes. Fleischer-Edel and Alten and MM. Burgstalles and Goritz in the quartet "Mis ist so wunderbar" from "Fidelio." The other numbers, appended for the sake of record, were: Duet, "La ci darem," from "Don Giovanni," Miss Farrar and Signor Scotti; aria, "L'altra Notte," from "Mefistofele," Mlle. Cavalieri; barcarole, "Belle Nuit," from "Les Contes d'Hoffman," by Mmes. Louise Homer and Kirkby-Lunn; duet, "Si Vendetta," by Mme. Boninsegna and Riccardo Stracciari; "Allerscelen" and "Staendchen," by Richard Strauss, by Mme. Sembrich, with accompaniments played by Isidore Luckstone; "Oh Paridiso," from "L'Africaine," by Signor Caruso, and trio, "Anges Radieux," from "Faust," by MM. Rousselière and Plançon and Miss Abott.

The receipts for the benefit last night amounted to more than $22,000, which is in excess of the amount brought by any previous benefit for an impresario. The sale of admission tickets was stopped half an hour before the performance began and the demand was so great that only one ticket was sold to every applicant in order to keep the tickets out of the hands of the speculators.

Otto Neitzel, the famous German critic and intimate friend of Richard Strauss, who has witnessed most of the German performances of "Salome," called to the composer that Mr. Conried had given the finest production of the opera that he had seen.

GIFT FOR CONRIED.

A Bronze and Ivory Figure From His Employees—Next Week's Programme.

Heinrich Conried yesterday received in addition to the sum realized by his benefit a beautiful bronze and ivory figure of "Fame," which was presented to him by his grateful employees on the stage and in other departments of the Metropolitan Opera House. The contributions to purchase this statue amounted to more than $2,500. The figure, which shows a maiden holding a laurel wreath in one hand and a horn in the other, bears the signature of the sculptor, Barres. The figure is four feet high and the limbs are of ivory, the draperies being in bronze and silver.

Mr. Conried, who is making but little progress toward recovery and has no definite plan of returning to his desk for some time, received the gift in the afternoon. Nobody was present but his representative, Ernest Goerlitz, as the physicians had advised him not to receive the committee who had intended to be present.

Accompanying the statue was a letter signed by more than two hundred employees of the opera house.

Mme. Eames is better to-day, and the doctors have advised for the treatment of the wrenched cartilage only applications of ice bandages. She will probably be able to stand up within a few days. M. Plançon is recovering his health as the rumble of the earthquakes grows fainter. If Mme. Eames does not sing on Friday night her part in "Tosca" will be taken by Mme. Boninsegna or Mme. Cavalieri.

The répertoire next week places "Manon Lescaut" on Monday to be sung by Mme. Cavalieri and MM. Caruso, Scotti and Rossi. "Carmen" will have its first performance of the year in Philadelphia on Tuesday and "Manon Lescaut" will be repeated there on Thursday. "Siegfried" will be given at the Metropolitan on Wednesday by MM. Burrian, Van Rooy, Goritz and Blass and Mmes. Fleischer-Edel, Kirkby-Lunn and Rappold, and on Friday "Lohengrin" will be sung by Mmes. Eames and Kirkby-Lunn and MM. Burrian and Goritz. There will be a double bill comprising "Don Pasquale" and "Pagliacci" at the Saturday night performance. The matinés performance has not yet been decided on.

News of Plays and Players.

Clara Bloodgood and the present company supporting her in "The Truth" at the Criterion Theatre will after this week give a series of matinées at the Lyceum Theatre on Tuesdays, Wednesdays and Fridays. The entire production will be the same as that now seen at the Criterion.

The opening of "The Little Michus," which was announced for Tuesday evening, January 29, at the Garden Theatre has been deferred to Thursday evening, January 31.

Camille D'Arville, in "The Belle of London Town," will follow Cyril Scott in "The Prince Chap" at the Lincoln Square Theatre, commencing next Monday evening. The libretto of "The Belle of London Town" was written by Stanislaus Stange and based on his comedy "The School for Husbands." The music is by Julian Edwards.

THIEVES IN THE CITY HALL.

FROM POLICE STATION TO ROOF, THINGS ARE MISSING.

Marty Keese Doesn't Know Whom to Suspect, but He Does Know That It's Hard to Keep Tab on Legislators' Belongings—Governors Room Is Robbed.

The inmates of the City Hall walked about the offices and corridors yesterday with their hands on their own watches when it was learned that some deft fingered person had made a fair sized haul in the Governors Room, which is right next to the entrance to the big show occupied by the Board of Aldermen.

The Hon. Marty Keese, boon companion of Hard-koppig Piet Stuyvesant—who was the Little Tim of his day—and other statesmen of earlier times, and who is now major domo of the City Hall, made the discovery that burglars had been active, and upon further investigation Janitor Marty learned that the burglars had not confined their work to the Governors Room, but had picked up odds and ends of legislative bric-à-brac from the police station in the basement all the way up to the Keese apartments on the top floor. From marks found on the roof it was seen that the robbers probably had been prying loose a couple of the tower clocks when frightened away.

Among the articles stolen were six hacksaws, two braces, one rabbet plane, one can of condensed milk, two iron bits, seven new paint brushes, one civilian plug hat belonging to Policeman George Phillips, one segment of denatured cheese, one set of auger bits, one performing electric fan, one pair of lavender spatts belonging to Alderman Reggie Doull, one box of assorted bonbons, partly used, and a copy of "The Life of Alexander Hamilton" from the desk of Alderman Timothy P. Sullivan, one iron saw, one book of cigarette papers, three policemen's nightsticks, a scuttle of coal and many other items of much less value. The soap and towels in the makeup room assigned to the Board of Aldermen were undisturbed, but in all the other dressing rooms about the building the soap dishes and towel racks were as bare as a Park row free lunch counter after Tammany has elected a Recorder.

"We have found in all our investigations of public buildings wherein men congregate to enact legislation or to conduct machinations on kindred subjects," said the Hon. Marty Keese yesterday, when asked about the robberies, "that statistics show that rarely can these thefts be traced to the statesmen, except in the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania.

"Do you think the Governors Room should be moved to the opposite side of the building from the Board of Aldermen?" Mr. Keese was asked.

"Nothing to say," replied the janitor cautiously. "All I'll say is that I've noticed the thefts are more noticeable when we have workmen in the building, and we always have workmen here. But who can stop it in this place? It's a public building, and so the corridors are always filled with Aldermen, politicians and officials of different kinds. In a crowd like that how can Policeman Phillips or I differentiate? We can't play favorites and say to one 'You're a bum' and to another 'You're a gentleman.' Half the time we'd be wrong."

"Which half?"

"As I was saying," continued Janitor Keese, "when Foreman Phil Askling returned to the job of painting the Governors Room last Monday morning and discovered that his best brushes and other things were missing I started an investigation. A minute later Hugo Hartung, one of the carpenters, complained to myself and Mayor McClellan that some one had swiped about $15 worth of tools from him and another carpenter named Johnny Keigharn. An Alderman who was coming in the door at the time said indignantly that we could search him. As nothing was found on him at the time, there is no use giving his name.

"I think some workman is the thief. What would an Alderman want with a saw, anyway? Not long ago some electricians who were working here missed a lot of tools and copper wire and the thefts kept up until one day I grabbed one of these very electricians stealing an electric fan in one of the police rooms downstairs. The electrician had unscrewed a lock from a door, dismounted the fan, come out with the fan and was replacing the lock on the door when I flagged him.

"The workmen don't take the soap and roller towels, of course, that are always disappearing. That happens in lots of houses just as good as this. Look at the Waldorf, for instance. Nor was it a workman who got into the Mayor's office and swiped the Mayor's overcoat from a chair beside the desk. I got the tip almost as soon as the Mayor looked around and missed the overcoat and I ran down and got Sergt. Quackenbush to chase after the man. Quackenbush got the thief and the overcoat right over here in a Park row pawn shop two minutes later."

"Is Sergt. Quackenbush on the desk downstairs to-day?" asked six excited voices at once.

"No, the poor fellow died of apoplexy in March, 1827, during Mayor Paulding's second or third term. De Witt Clinton was the Mayor that had the coat stolen, and that was the only time I ever heard Mayor Clinton swear around his office. 'Gosh darn it, this must stop, Marty,' De Witt said to me. But he got all over it in a minute when we brought his overcoat back. We used to call 'em greatcoats in those days.

"One of the carpenters came to me only this morning and complained that some one had taken his bit. 'You'll have to go around borrowing a bit,' I said to him—just like that. And not long—he said that some one had stolen his bit, and I said, 'You'll have to go around borrowing a bit—borrowing a bit. A bit—'

"Well, as I was about to say, I did get sore last Tuesday when I couldn't find our new 16 foot extension ladder. I never used the ladder much, except when I got a hunch now and then that the tin girl on top of the clock tower needed adusting, until Alderman Doull got wind of the burglaries and grew nervous about the street spatts he leaves around the board room after he changes to his lighter colored house spatts while the board is in session. Alderman Doull asked me please to store the street spats on top of one of the corridor columns during sessions and so I was using the extension ladder often after that. When a meeting of the Aldermen adjourned last week and I went for the ladder to get the spatts down there was no ladder. We can't get the spatts till Metz buys a new ladder for the town.

"Once Mayor Van Wyck came to me awful sore and said some one had pinched his gold headed cane. I hunted high and low and was ready to call in the police—I don't go to 'em often downstairs because the Lord knows they're bothered enough by being robbed themselves—when Mayor Van Wyck came to me a day or two later and said, 'That's all right about the cane, Mr. Keese. I'd been over to the home of my brother Gus, who is a Judge, and I left the cane there.' He was man enough to acknowledge whenever he fell down.

"I think most of the robberies here are like that. The Mayors and Aldermen belay things and forget 'em. They get excited making laws and begin to scrap over the way the laws should be worded and then they go out and belay things. If a man was virile enough to acknowledge his mistake every time he fell down on his foolish face the robberies would be cut in half. Bob Van Wyck always was."

General Education Board Meets.

The General Education Board, which was organized here five years ago to aid struggling colleges, had its annual meeting at 54 William street yesterday. Robert C. Ogden, who has been chairman since the board was formed, was succeeded by Frederick T. Gates. George Foster Peabody was reelected treasurer, and the Rev. Wallace Buttrick was chosen secretary, Starr J. Murphy retiring as one of the secretaries.

The trustees decided to make a number of provisional appropriations to colleges, which will be announced in a few days.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

Mr. Clement Shorter of the *Sphere* insists that America never has and never will produce great authors while it spells programme as "program" and honour as "honor." "I love America and the Americans," writes our English critic, but I hope my affection does not compel me to accept its literature as more than mediocre. That is the reason why it is so popular. It is on this account that during the past thirty years the great healthy, sensible middle class in England has read nearly as many American books as English." Mr. Shorter also takes issue with Mrs. Atherton on the ground that wide travel is the best equipment for a novelist, and cites Scott and Dickens and Fielding, Jane Austen, the Brontës and Mrs. Gaskell as examples of those who have succeeded in a narrow sphere. George Eliot, he claims, ceased to be a great novelist from the moment she took foreign travel as the basis of her books and the "one American novelist who comes near to greatness in 'The Scarlet Letter' made a miserable failure at bookmaking when he wrote 'The Marble Faun.'"

In "What's Next? or, Shall a Man Live Again?" Clara Spalding Ellis has collected some two hundred testimonies to belief in a future life from all walks of life except the ministry. Men of affairs, trust magnates, officers of the army and navy, authors, scientists and musicians have declared their belief in immortality. The late President Harper of the University of Chicago has left the following testimony: "I am going before my work is finished. I do not know where I am going, but I hope my work will go on. I expect to continue to work in the future state, for this is only a small part of the glorious whole."

A curious litle paper from far away Corea is called the *Seoul Press Weekly*. One of its most striking features is the list of "Seoul Ladies' At Home Days," to which is appended the editorial note: "We shall be very pleased if the ladies whose names are not mentioned in the above list will kindly inform us regarding their reception days, so that we may be enabled to publish a complete list of the same."

One of the new additions to the "World's Classics" series is Motley's "Rise of the Dutch Republic," with an introduction by Mr. Clement Shorter. It is interesting to recall in connection with this fact that Motley worked two years to find a publisher for his book. John Muney thought well of it, but decided that it would not pay, and it was finally published at the expense of Motley's father and uncle by Chapman in England and the Harpers in America. Fifteen thousand copies were sold in the first year.

Miss Rachel Crothers, the author of "The Three of Us," is a native of Bloomington, Ill. She came to New York some years ago and became an instructor in a school for acting, where she wrote several short plays for the students. Two of her plays, "The Coming of Mrs. Patrick" and "The Afterglow," will have production this season and a new play is to be written.

Marion Crawford's new serial, "Arethusa," depicts the life of certain Italians and other people in the fourteenth century in the city of Constantinople. The heroine, Arethusa, sells herself into bondage to rescue the wife of her adopted father and her children, who are on the verge of starvation in the beggar quarter of Constantinople. Greeks, Armenians, Jews, Circassians, as well as Italians, enter into the story, which has an exciting plot and a tender love story entwined with political intrigues.

"The History of the Wine Trade in England," by André L. Simon, has a curious dedication. "This work is dedicated to the cause of temperance in no spirit of irony, but with feelings of deep conviction that a better knowledge of the history of wine in this country would promote among the public a greater appreciation of the virtues of wine, the more general use of which would help to check both drunkenness and teetotalism, evils which every fair minded and temperate man cannot help deploring." Among other interesting facts the author has discovered that a good deal of wine was once made in England by monks. Most of the abbeys were situated in well sheltered valleys, many of the monks were foreigners and familiar with the cultivation of grapevines, and the soil was more favorable for vine growing then than it is now after centuries of impoverishment.

"The Shelbourne Essays, Fourth Series," by Paul Elmer More, contains an interesting literary portrait of R. S. Hawker, the Vicar of Morwenstow. Whimsical and eccentric, a lover of animals and a hater of dissenting ministers, the Vicar is a good subject for the pen of the writer. While still in his teens he married a lady of 41 and lived happily with her until her death, and in his sixty-second year he married a girl of 20, who lived happily with him until his death. Among his animal pets was a pig of unusual intelligence, who followed him on his pastoral visits, entering the houses whenever it was permitted. A pet stag shared his master's antipathy for Dissenters, and on one occasion pinned one of these visitors to the ground by the black coat the Vicar so much disliked.

The next volume of the new Ibsen edition, "Peer Gynt," will be of special interest on account of Richard Mansfield's production of the play. Mr. William Archer says of the play in his introduction that the first and most essential thing concerning it may be said in Ibsen's own words written from Rome to Frederick Hegel:

> I learn that the book has created much excitement in Norway. This does not trouble me in the least; but both there and in Denmark they have discovered much more satire in it than was intended by me. Why can they not read the book as a poem? For as such I wrote it. The satirical passages are tolerably isolated. But if the Norwegians of the present time recognize themselves, as it would appear they do, in the character of Peer Gyut, that is the good people's own affair.

In the summary of the books of the past year the *Academy* pronounces "Prisoners," by Miss Cholmondely, as the finest novel of the year. "It was a drama, and a very fine drama, presented as a novel." Among the new writers of fiction precedence is given to W. B. Maxwell's "The Guarded Flame," and William J. Locke's "The Beloved Vagabond." These three books "stand out as novels which have had both pains and talent put into their making."

The number of book writers among titled personages in England is constantly increasing, and now a royal lady, Princess Henry of Battenberg, joins the great army of authors by announcing for early publication a history of the island of which she is Governor. Lady Betty Balfour's life and letters of her father, the first Earl of Lytton; Lady Brassey's "Voyage of the Sunbeam," one of the "big sellers" of the day, the books of travel by two of the Duchesses of the time, have all been successful works. Constance, Lady de la Warr, is now joining the band of titled writers, and Susan, Lady Malmesbury, is preparing a child's book. Lillian, Countess of Cromartie, was the original of Tennyson's "Airy Fairy Lillian," and is herself a writer of songs and poetry.

"Dingley, the Famous Author," is the work of two French writers which has just won a prize offered by the Goncourt Academy. The book is a study of an Englishman whose prototype is thought by some to be Kipling. He has won fame at 40, soldiers sing his verses when they set out on a campaign, and he is distinguished for his belief in the mission of the Anglo-Saxon race.

Dr. B. P. Grenfell, who with his colleague, Dr. Hunt, is making explorations in Egypt, said in a recent lecture that the literary find of last winter exceeded in value that which had been discovered by any previous excavators—new odes of Pindar, parts of the lost tragedy of Euripides, portions of the manuscripts of the Phædrus of Plato, of the "Panegyrics" of Socrates and the speech of Demosthenes against Bocotes. The Pindar manuscript was written on the back of a census.

Two new volumes in the Literary Lives Series are to be brought out in the early spring, the life of Henrik Ibsen by Edmund Gosse, which is an authoritative biography of the Norwegian author, and Dowden's life of Goethe, which includes a criticism of his work. The books of this series, while making no attempt to supersede the monumental lives that have been written of great authors, are compact and readable accounts of the writers and their writings.

NEW TICKET SPECULATOR LAW.

Alderman Brown Has a Scheme for Driving Them From the Streets.

Alderman Brown at yesterday's meeting of the board proposed the adoption of a new ordinance for the control of theatre ticket speculators. Mr. Brown's idea is that all persons, firms or corporations, other than the owners or managers of theatres, engaged in the sale of tickets should be classed as ticket speculators and as such should be required to take out a license and to pay a fee to the city. Individuals and firms so licensed shall not be allowed to sell tickets on the sidewalks under a penalty of $50 for every violation. The effect would be to drive the speculators from the sidewalks and to compel the hotel and other agencies to make good the fees thus lost.

Fitch—Foster.

Morton Cross Fitch, son of the late Ashbel Parmelee Fitch and of Mrs. Fitch of 759 West End avenue, and Miss Florence E. Foster, were married yesterday in the Church of the Holy Trinity, Brooklyn.

The bride was attended by Mrs. A. Chester Travis and Mrs. Ira Bertine Downs as matrons of honor. Littleton H. Fitch assisted his brother as best man, and the Messrs Theron G. Strong, George E. Leonard, Alfred L. Hart, Carroll J. Waddell and J. Norman Hatch of New York; Arthur C. D. Foster and Norman L. Snow of Brooklyn were ushers. Afterward the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. James Foster, gave a reception for relatives.

Turnbull—Post.

The wedding of Miss Alice W. Post and Arthur Turnbull took place yesterday afternoon at the Madison Avenue Presbyterian Church. The bride was unattended and after the ceremony her parents, Mr. and Mrs. George B. Post, gave a reception for relatives and intimate friends at their home, 129 East Sixty-ninth street. Mr. Turnbull is a son of the late Mr. and Mrs. William Turnbull and is a cousin of his bride. George B. Post, Jr., W. McCready, William Manice, J. L. Aspinwall, Jordan Robbins and Edward Harris were ushers and William Turnbull assisted as best man.